

A NEW PAIR OF EYES

Harriet Thorndyke

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# A NEW PAIR OF EYES

HV1709 JAN 4, 1931 By HARRIET THORNDYKE



Robert F. Geisler, blind Chicago attorney, and Nubia, a Seeing Eye dog to whose faithful service he attributes much of his success in his profession

THOSE of you radio sitter-besiders who are dyed-in-the-Woolcott fans probably remember hearing the old Town Crier speak, in his more serious moments, of an institution called The Seeing Eye. To my sorrow, I happened to miss those particular broadcasts, but I was told about them by a friend of mine. She loves dogs. She explained, "Mr. Woolcott says that the people at The Seeing Eye train dogs to lead the blind, to take them through traffic and up and down stairs and everywhere. With a dog like that a blind person can get around as well as anybody else. It's marvelous!"

"Sounds that way," said I: "Why don't we go and visit the place sometime?"

The very next Saturday afternoon found us bouncing over the hills of New Jersey toward Morristown in my friend's roadster. At Whippany we turned left over a rattled bridge, climbed a gentle rise, and suddenly saw, in the shrubbery of an estate, a neat little sign: The Seeing Eye. We went up the curving driveway and parked before a large white house.

At first we thought no one was going to answer the doorbell, but pretty soon somebody did, a young Swiss named Dardel. We explained our errand. He asked us in and told us to wait in the homey-looking hall while he went upstairs to fetch a man who could tell us all we wanted to know. We glanced around. There was a fireplace along one side of the room with a couch in front of it. Near-by stood a small table holding a couple of magazines printed in Braille. On the window-seat there

was a deeply carved wooden map of Morristown. We were just wondering what the map was for when Mr. Dardel reappeared with a tall dark young man who walked across the room and held out his hand, saying, "How do you do? My name is Morris Frank."

"How do you do?" we said. Then with a start of surprise I realized that Mr. Frank was blind himself!

I could have kicked myself for that involuntary start, and yet in its tactless way it was a compliment. Morris Frank is so completely unblind a person that it's a shock to find he cannot see. Does that sound cryptic? Wait a bit. You'll discover what I mean.

We all went into his office to talk, because he said we should be less likely to be interrupted there, and we were just settling down when we were joined by a very beautiful German shepherd dog who entered quietly and looked us over.

"Is this your dog?" asked my friend. "Yes, this is Buddy," replied Mr. Frank.

Buddy sauntered up, sniffed briefly at our skirts, and lay down.



Alexander Woolcott, whose radio audience sent him \$6,000 to give to The Seeing Eye

MORRIS FRANK began to talk in his pleasant Southern accent. He reminded us that through the centuries all dogs have been bred to do certain and specific tasks for man—rat terriers to kill rats, bird dogs to hunt birds, wolfhounds to hunt wolves, and so on. Shepherd dogs were used, of course, to herd sheep. But as civilization complicated the life of man, his needs became more diverse. In Germany, for instance, not nearly so many people needed dogs to herd sheep as could use them for other purposes, so German shepherd dogs were taught to patrol boundaries, to lay telephone wires, to act as Red Cross aids on the battlefields, and to do police work. Because their police work was spectacular the dogs became famous as "police dogs," but every German shepherd is not a police dog any more than every Irishman is a cop.

After the World War the Germans began to train some of their dogs to lead the blind. They had a school just outside of Berlin where they trained men and dogs together. To this school one day came an American woman, Mrs. Harrison Eustis. Mrs. Eustis already had an estate called Fortunate Fields on the outskirts of Vevey, Switzerland, where she bred shepherds for various purposes, and when she saw what dogs could do for blind people, she immediately decided to launch some of her puppies on this humanitarian career. And along about 1926 she wrote a story about the dogs' accomplishments for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

The story was read to Morris Frank. At that time he was 20 years old. He had been blind for four years. He resented it deeply. He resented having to be led around like a child of two. He resented having to ask somebody else's permission and help every time he wanted to go down to the corner for a package of cigarettes. So he wrote to Mrs. Eustis, and he said that if what she had written was true, he wanted to get such a dog himself and he wanted to know how he could help other blind people in America to this hitherto unheard-of boon.

MRS. EUSTIS answered. She said that of course her dogs were taught to work in Europe; whether or not they could cope with American conditions she didn't know. The traffic is so much swifter over here, the people so much more brusque. But she sympathized with Morris Frank and all the people like him, and she asked if he would like to come over to Switzerland the next summer, get a dog, and bring it back to try.

He went and he stayed five weeks and he got Buddy. (Buddy is a female



Practice in avoiding obstacles. When this girl first wrote the school, she said, "I am alone at home all day, and I get terribly nervous. If only I could go out and not be eternally afraid!"



### A practical guide for planning family menus, to be incorporated in each day's meals

	EACH ADULT	EACH CHILD		EACH ADULT	EACH CHILD
MILK (fresh) or MILK (evaporated)	2 cups 1 cup	4 cups 2 cups	FRUIT	1 serving citrus fruit or juice	Same
EGGS	1 (in any way or in made dish)	1/2		1 serving other fruit (raw or cooked)	
MEAT or SUBSTITUTE	1 large serving	1 serving		1 tablespoon	1 tablespoon
BREAD (dark or whole grain best)	6 slices	4 to 6 slices	BUTTER	1 tablespoon	1 tablespoon
CEREALS	Cereal in some form	1 serving	OTHER FAT or OIL	2 tablespoons	2 tablespoons
VEGETABLES	1 raw 1 root 1 leaf	Same in most cases	SUGAR	In some form at end of meal (lunch or dinner). Also supplied in easily used form by other foods	

and vegetables, and, to be economical, only those which are in season should be used. It goes without saying that they are the best and least expensive. Dried fruits, prunes, peaches, apricots, figs, etc., cooked and eaten "as is," are delicious to serve for any meal and lend themselves well to dressing up a roast and to varying salads as well as desserts.

If there are children, and lunches to put up, bread will be quite an item—one large loaf a day, or possibly more. Varying the supply with rye, whole wheat, and raisin, alternated with white, and occasionally serving hot bread, baked at home, will add interest.

Cereals are good when the budget pinches, for they are grand extenders and also nourishing food. They are not only good for breakfast with cream or milk but can be made into delicious cookies. Or what could taste better than fried mush with syrup and sausages for any meal of the day?

Eggs are important, too, especially with children. If possible, see that each person gets two or three a week to eat, aside from those used in cooking.

Sugar and sweets play an important part and should be included in every balanced diet. These include molasses, syrup, home-made preserves and jellies, etc. For economy, it pays to make your own jams and jellies in the height of the fruit season.

Miscellaneous staples such as flour, pastes, salt, spices, etc. take only a small percentage of the food budget. What is left after planning for these foods will go for meat, fish, cheese, dried beans, and other meat substitutes. One good-sized pot-roast or meat loaf each week should supply meat for at least two dinners—once hot and once either cold or combined with spaghetti, macaroni, etc. The leftovers from these will make sandwiches, soup, or lunch-con dishes.

Fish should not be overlooked, as there are many inexpensive kinds of fresh fish in our markets on either coast, and dried and canned fish are always available.

If you will keep a budget, you will

find that you can even splurge once in a while, allowing the family one thick chop apiece for an occasional dinner, and balancing the budget by serving home-baked beans, stew, or hash the next night. Even these meals need not be unattractive, for dressing up the common every-day dishes to give them added appeal is the favorite diversion of many a homemaker. War time camouflage is a simple matter compared to what the average housewife can do with a cabbage, a carrot, and a soup-bone.

*Julia Lee Wright*

### MENUS FOR BUDGET-STRETCHING MEALS

These are suggestions for economical dinners. Bread, butter, condiments, and beverages have not been included except for an occasional suggestion for hot bread. These meals can be varied to suit the family and the purse, but they are planned to be well balanced if carried out as they are. However, they are not planned for consecutive days.

Cabbage Meat Rolls  
Harvard Beets      Steamed Potatoes  
Bran Muffins  
Floating Island  
• • •  
Fricassee of Veal with Celery and Carrots  
Dumplings or Biscuit  
Apple and Orange Salad  
Frosted Cookies  
• • •  
Tuna-fish in Casserole with Noodles and Cheese  
Spinach  
Brown Betty  
• • •  
Meat Loaf  
Baked Potatoes      String Beans  
Waldorf Salad  
Prune Whip  
• • •  
Cheese Pudding  
Broccoli or Sprouts  
Raw Vegetable Salad  
Apple Crisp  
• • •  
Spaghetti and Meat  
Parsnip Patties  
Beet Salad  
Baked Custard  
• • •  
Cheese Dumplings in Tomato Sauce  
Baked Grated Carrots  
Cole Slaw with Pineapple  
Fruit and Cookies

Baked Spareribs  
Baked Potatoes      Boiled Cabbage  
Raw Carrot and Raisin Salad  
Baked Apples      Gingerbread

• • •  
Baked Ham Butt  
Buttered Hominy      String Beans  
Corn Bread  
Chocolate Blanc-mange

• • •  
Beef Pie with Potato Crust  
Peas and Carrots  
Lettuce Shredded with Pickle  
Apple Dumplings

• • •  
Liver and Bacon  
Fried Onions      Mashed Potatoes  
or  
German Fried Potatoes and Onions  
Grated Carrot and Raisin Salad  
Cooked Fruit      Cookies

• • •  
Boiled Spiced Tongue with Horseradish  
ashed Brown Potatoes      Escalloped Tomatoes  
Celery and Apple Salad  
Cottage Pudding      Fruit Sauce

• • •  
Frizzled Beef  
Baked Potatoes  
Canned Green Lima Beans  
Wilted Lettuce  
Lemon Bread Pudding

• • •  
Beef and Beans  
Sweet and Sour Cabbage  
Whole Wheat Muffins  
Apple Sauce Cake

• • •  
Salmon Loaf with Sauce  
Cauliflower      Corn Bread  
Head Lettuce Salad  
Rice and Raisin Pudding

### MENU OUTLINES

#### BREAKFAST

Fruit—Juice, Fresh, or Cooked  
Cereal—Ready Prepared or Cooked  
Toast or Hot Bread  
Beverage—Coffee, Cocoa, or Milk

#### LUNCH

Soup or Made Dish (Leftovers)  
Salad and Bread  
or  
Sandwiches  
Fruit      Cookies  
Beverage

(Type of lunch depends upon type of work done, whether or not there are children, etc., but it must be accounted for in the budget.)

#### DINNER

Soup (Optional)  
Meat, Meat Substitute, or Fish  
Vegetable—Cooked (Green or Root)  
Vegetable—Raw (Salad)  
Starch—Potatoes, Macaroni, or Rice, etc.  
Dessert—Fruit, Pudding, etc.  
Beverage—Coffee, Tea, Milk

### HEADINGS FOR FOOD BUDGET

If all foods are segregated and listed under these items, it will simplify balancing both the menus and the accounts. However rearrange them in any way to suit your needs.

Milk and Butter      Bakery Goods and Sweets  
Eggs and Cheese      Canned Goods  
Fruits and Vegetables      Miscellaneous  
Staple Groceries      Meals Out  
Meat and Fish



and, as we learned later, most of the other dogs trained by The Seeing Eye are females. They are gentler than the males and also not so much interested in other dogs they may meet on the street.) Mrs. Eustis has since told friends that one day, three weeks after Morris Frank arrived at her estate, she heard him laugh for the first time. She spoke to him about it.

"Mrs. Eustis," he said, "I've kept a smile on my face for five years because I had to. And now I can laugh because I want to!"

As soon as Mr. Frank had learned how to follow Buddy, he let her bring him home. He let her take him all over America through cities he knew and cities he didn't know. Pretty soon he wrote to Mrs. Eustis saying that their scheme would work; the dogs could cope with American conditions; how soon could he start a school here? He was impatient because one day as he was marching smartly across the street he heard another blind man tapping with his cane. The other blind man was standing on the curb tapping, tapping, tapping very patiently, waiting for someone to notice him and lead him through the traffic. Mr. Frank, gaily treading the maze with his dog, felt a twinge of conscience.

In reply, Mrs. Eustis sent over two of her best trainers, and the school was formed.

**W**E had just got to this point when a couple of cars drove up and a crowd of women debouched. They were met at the door by the instructor. After a minute he poked his head around the office door.

"More visitors," he said.

"Right," said Mr. Frank. "I was just going to show you our movies anyway—in case you want to see them. I'll go out and speak to these people, and then we'll have the pictures. Okay?"

"Certainly," we said.

So he went out in the hall. The home of The Seeing Eye is the home of Morris Frank, and he knows it, of course, as you know your pockets. Though the

school started down in Nashville, Tennessee (whence Mr. Frank comes), as soon as Mrs. Eustis conveniently could she bought this estate in New Jersey to house it, and the school has been there ever since. Morris Frank needs neither eyes nor dog to help him around the house. Nevertheless, the minute he walked out of the room we noticed that Buddy pricked up her ears. When she heard the sound of strange voices, she got up and went out to investigate.

Mr. Frank is under no illusions about the relationship between himself and Buddy, as he told us later.

"Not every blind person can benefit by having a dog," he said. "In the first place, naturally, you have to like dogs. And in the second place, you have to realize that your Seeing Eye dog regards you as her property. The dog loves you in much the same way as a mother loves her child—she feels responsible for you. That makes her a little dictatorial, but you have to realize that it is all for the best. In a lot of ways Buddy has more sense than I have, and I know it. So does she."

**A**S soon as Mr. Frank had greeted the newcomers, he went to work preparing for the movies. He hung up the little screen. He placed a table in the doorway between the office and the hall. He opened the small satchel which held the projection machine, set the projection machine on the table, and extracted a reel of film and an empty reel. He asked Mr. Dardel to plug the cord of the projection machine into the electric socket by the fireplace, and he quickly threaded the film.

"I wish my Uncle Charlie could do it as well," whispered my friend, whose Uncle Charlie has a home movie outfit.

"Is the camera pointing straight at the screen?" asked Mr. Frank.

"Yes," we said. The show began.

"This," he explained, "tells more about our work than I could tell you in eight hours. It takes three months to train a dog, and by the end of that time we know her well. Then a blind person comes to the school. The first

two or three days we spend getting acquainted with him. Usually eight people come at a time (we have eight here now), so we give them talks on how to care for the dog. We tell them how to brush and comb her, what she should eat and how often, where she should sleep, and what her attitude is toward this business. In off hours we chat about politics and books or anything which comes up, exploring the personality of each student. Then we match the dog to the man or woman.

"Here you see, or I hope you do, a man out with his dog for the first time."

Mr. Frank was a little beforehand, but in a minute we did see a man and a dog walking along together. The dog wore a harness, such as many dogs wear in the city, but attached to it was not only a leash but a U-shaped handle made of leather and fastened by two leather hinges. The man held the handle in his left hand.

"Notice," said Mr. Frank, "how hesitant the man is. He isn't walking straight, he is bent over a little and shuffling his feet. Our job here is not only teaching dogs but teaching men. A blind person is simply an ordinary person who can't see. He has the same ideas, the same brain he always had. But very often when he loses sight of physical things he loses sight of that fact as well. Posture and stride work miracles here. When a man learns that to follow his dog he must stand up with his shoulders square (so that the dog's shoulder will be in line with his knee when he walks beside her), and when he finds that he must walk briskly so that her stops will mean something to him, he seems to take a new lease on life."

"I thought the dog always sits down when she comes to a curb," remarked one of the visitors.

"It depends," said Mr. Frank. "If the man is so insensitive that he won't pause when she pauses, she has to sit down and make him stop. If he's co-operative, she doesn't have to bother."

"And now, at this point, you see a  
(Please turn to page 18)



A lesson in intelligent disobedience. Here an obstacle blocks the sidewalk and the instructor, who must never seem to see, has commanded, "Forward." The dog has turned right instead



Still acting on her own, she continues around the automobile. The command was "Forward," but she must make several turns before proceeding down the sidewalk. Thus she learns when to disobey



A girl from The Seeing Eye and her dog practicing in near-by Morristown, New Jersey. Notice the confidence of the girl, who must rely entirely upon the training and intelligence of her dog



# THIS WEEK'S SIX \$5 PRIZE WINNERS

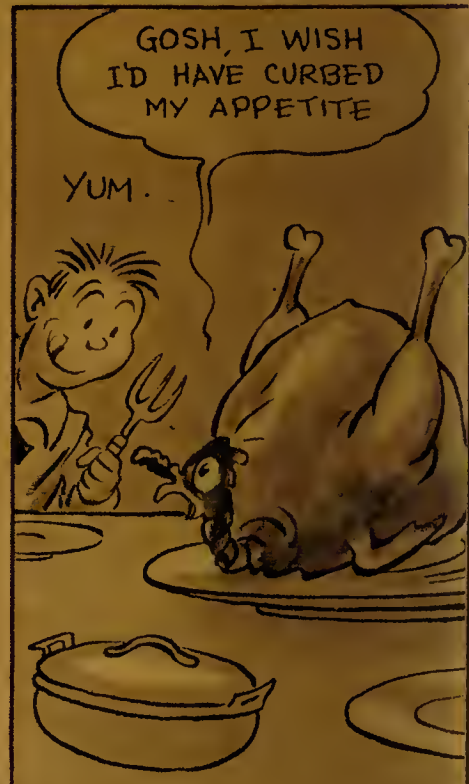
## THIS WEEK'S 25 \$1 PRIZE WINNERS

Lenore Hovey Brown, 1361 Girard St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Emma D. Bryan, 572 21st St., San Diego, Cal.; Elmer Dahlstrom, Box 843, Turlock, Cal.; Flora G. England, 705 Jackson St., Tampa, Fla.; Elizabeth George, 1671 Franklin St., Johnstown, Pa.; Mrs. Nita Harrington, R. 1, El Cajon, Cal.; Edwin C. Henry, 724 E. 12th Ave., Eugene, Ore.; Glenn M. Herr, 1603 C St., Eureka, Cal.; Kathleen Keating, 918 Cooper St., Camden, N. J.; Harry Kotecki, 1826 W. Monroe St., Phoenix, Ariz.; Mrs. Stella Lusk, R. 1, Rupert, Ida.; Mrs. B. Michelsen, 3145 Mt. Pleasant St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Francis Murray, 20 Avon St., New Haven, Conn.; Charles J. Norona, 1948 1/4 Santee St., Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. J. L. Page, 2031 Monument Ave., Richmond, Va.; Hazel Phillips, 428 E. Marigold St., Pasadena, Cal.; Helen C. Porterfield, 6465 Hillegass Ave., Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. Arthur Sand, R. 1, Loomis, Nebr.; Paul M. Somerville, 2945 Mayfield Rd., Cleveland Hts., Ohio; Mrs. G. Stohler, 2031 Dwight Way, Berkeley, Cal.; Mrs. N. H. Storm, 527 Baker St., Longmont, Colo.; Mrs. Richard G. Miller, 39 E. Main St., Mechanicsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Albert Price, 518 Baltimore St., Belle Vernon, Pa.; M. T. Slattery Jr., 17320 Fries Ave., Lakewood, Ohio; Mrs. Frank Tindale, 367 Fairfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.

## LOTS OF MONEY! \$55 A WEEK

Why don't you try for one of these 31 prizes every week? There are six of \$5 apiece and 25 of \$1 apiece. We print winning entries as soon as possible after they are received, but at least six weeks are required for illustrating the jingles and for printing and distributing the magazine.

**RULES:** Write a four-line verse and put in it the names of *at least two items* sold in the store where you get THE FAMILY CIRCLE. Please try to make a funny little story out of your verse—one that will give Nate Collier a good chance to make an amusing illustration. And avoid the use of trade-marked names, if possible, except those that you're sure are well known all over the country. General names like "bean," "pear," and "ham," are, of course, acceptable. You can send as many jingles as you like, as often as you like. We cannot return entries or acknowledge their receipt. The contest is continuous. Address Contest Editor, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City.



"Cluck, cluck," remarked the Sage old Fowl,  
"Those Nuts have never guessed  
I know their Game when there's a fake  
Eggplant-ed in my nest!"

MRS. J. B. GREEN, 60 Chestnut St., Englewood, N. J.



I s-Corn Starch-es when I'm on a diet  
And eat nothing but Grapefruit and Lamb.  
But the s-Kale-s never drop, so I guess it's a flop.  
What the heck! I'll Romaine as I Yam.

DOROTHY CHURCH, 2302A Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.



Said the Mustard to the Pepper, "When you Turnip at the table,  
Don't get so hot and bothered as to feel that you are able  
To Squash my reputation for turning on the heat,  
Or I'll simply hand you over to the copper on our Beet."

MRS. MAE S. LONG, 5103 Worth St., Dallas, Tex.

There once was a Turkey, fat, greedy, and nice.  
But for his greed he paid a big p-Rice.  
He was baked with Oysters for Sunday dinner—  
Which wouldn't have happened had he Bean thinner.

MRS. A. W. UNGLESBEE, 328 Madison St., Frederick, Md.



"What I Sago-s," the Onion said,  
"Because I'm one strong bloke."  
The Salt he ran, but the Egg just laughed  
Because it saw the Yolk.

H. L. MORRISON, 1016 Park Boulevard, Wenatchee, Wash.



I've Flounder-ed around in a sea of words,  
Fish-ing for a rhyme to win.  
Now I hope you'll say, "You're a good Picker-El,  
And send along a "fin."

ELEANOR CULLOO, 12 Daytona St., Springfield, Mass.



ad of going to a hotel they spent the night in Bill's office.

"Say, we used to sit around here, Cal and Mrs. Coolidge and I, swapping stories—"

"What stories?" I asked.

"Sure you're not too young?" chuckled Bill. "But to be honest with you, I can't remember them now. They were the best stories. But sometimes it seemed as if we'd die laughing."

"Then one time there was a sort of international convention of policemen. Police came from all over the world to hang around here and see how we did things. They were given a couple of private cars to ride in, and I was sent along to see that everything was all right for them. So we batted from town to town until pretty soon we landed in Washington, where the police were supposed to meet the President. When they went to the White House, I trailed along with them. Well, we were lined up on the lawn there, and Cal came out and started to make a little speech. Then all of a sudden he caught sight of me and stopped short."

"'Bill,' he said, 'what are you doing here? You're no cop.'"

"'No, Mr. President,' I said. 'They just sent me along to see that none of these foreigners walked off with the White House.'"

"Cal thought that was awfully funny."

MR. EGAN paused a minute. "Not that I don't like foreigners," he mended, "because I do. That was just a gag. I know most of the ambassadors in Washington, and they're fine fellows. You look around here and you'll find pictures of Petain, Clemenceau, Macdonald—a lot of people like that."

"I'll never forget the time Admiral Catty was in this country. He was sitting just about where you are, talking to me, having a grand time, when his aide came in and clicked his heels."

"'Pardon me, your lordship,' says the aide, very stiff, 'but I think you'd best be getting on the train now.'"

"His lordship turned around. 'I shouldn't worry if I were you,' he replied. 'Bill won't let me miss the train, and I shall be on it long enough once we get started.' So we chatted several minutes more, and when it was really time I took him down and put him aboard."

Jimmy Walker used to like to have Bill along when he went traveling. Once they went out to California together. While they were in Los Angeles they were invited to the Hollywood Breakfast Club.

"Everybody was kidding back and forth," said Bill, "so Jimmy got up and said, 'Well, you raise some wonderful fruit out here, but I see you've got a lot of lemons, too.' Did they get back

at him for that crack! The next day we were sent a lemon the size of a grapefruit, and Jimmy was tickled to pieces."

Bill smiled reminiscently.

"Of course," he went on after a bit, "all these stories I've been telling you are about famous people. But you mustn't get the impression that they're the only ones I'm interested in. I like folks. I love dealing with the public. As a matter of fact, I do almost more for the little fellows than I do for the big ones, because I figure the big fellows can always look out for themselves if they have to. On the other hand, there's no use snubbing a man just because he's well known."

"What I've tried to do is make everybody who has any business in this station as happy and comfortable as possible. And when I say everybody I mean everybody from the porters on up. A lot of people who have jobs like mine feel that if they keep the place clean, have polite men at the ticket windows, and plenty of Red Caps to carry the bags and so on, they've done all that could be expected of them. Well, they have. But I wanted to do a little bit more."

Do you see why I think Bill Egan is lucky? I think a man is awfully lucky who has the wit and imagination to see how, by doing just "a little bit more," he can transform a dull, routine job into a real career which will be both interesting and amusing. And that's exactly what Bill has done.

P. S. (Almost forget this item.) Just as I was leaving his office I noticed a picture of Ellin and Irving Berlin. I commented on what a fine one it was.

"Yes," said Bill, "I had a picture of Irving there, and one day Ellin came in to see me and it caught her eye. Of course, I've known Ellin for years. Her father, Clarence Mackay, is a great friend of mine, and when Ellin was a little girl I used to see her off to school every fall and meet her when she came back. Well, she saw this picture of Irving, and she thought it was awful."

"'Why do you want to hang up a terrible-looking thing like that?' she cried."

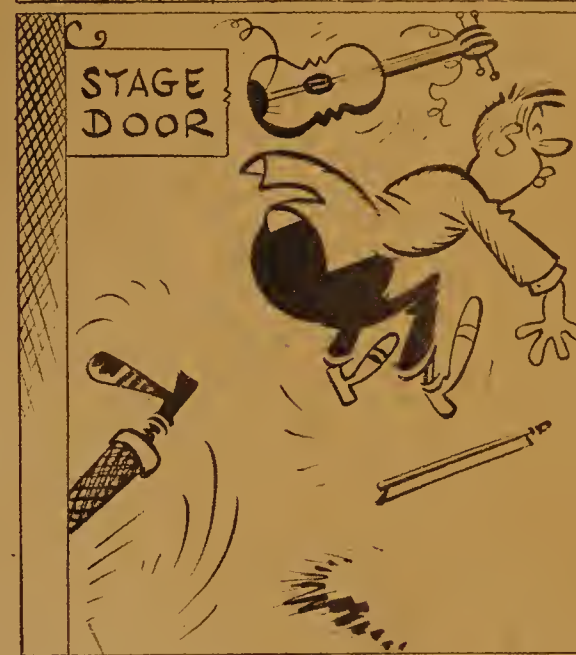
"'It's the only one I have,' said I."

"'Well, take it down and I'll send you a good one,' she said."

"Sure enough, a couple of days later she sent me this picture of the two of them."

On the bottom she wrote, "To Mr. Egan with all best wishes from Irving and Ellin Berlin."

And (to end my story again) that's why I take off my bonnet to Bill Egan. It is one thing to go around being proud of all the famous people you know. It is something else again to have the famous people going around being proud to know you.





## A NEW PAIR OF EYES

(Continued from page 11)

man who has become accustomed to his dog—see how he walks along without any hesitation." It was true. The man on the screen swung along with a brisk, confident stride. "Unless you looked sharply," went on Mr. Frank, "you would think he was a seeing person taking his pet out for exercise. They are in Morristown, where we practice. Now they come to a busy street. The dog sees that half the street is clear, takes her charge out to the middle, stops to let a car pass, and continues to the opposite curb just as you would do."

Mr. Frank paused a minute, then turned to us. "Heavens, I've forgotten what comes next," he whispered. "What are they doing now?"

"The man dropped his cane," I said.

"Thanks. Now everybody drops things," he resumed, "but you have to be able to see to pick them up. When the man drops his cane, he lets go of the dog's handle, holding only to the leash. The dog picks up the cane, crosses behind her master, and stops at his left knee in position to continue the walk as soon as he has taken the cane from her mouth and grasped the handle again."

When we had seen the dog guide her man through a stream of hurrying pedestrians without letting him jostle anyone, take him around a truck which had been backed up on the sidewalk, and see to it that he didn't bump his head on a low awning, the picture was over.

"**N**OW I'll take you down to the kennels," offered Mr. Frank. He called Buddy, who ran in from the dining-room and laid her nose against his left knee. From the coat-rack he lifted her harness and put it on while she wagged her tail with every indication of joy; then she stood quietly until he had put on his own coat. When he said, "All right, Buddy. Off we go. Forward," she walked him to the front door and stopped with her head directly beneath the door-knob. He opened the door, we all trooped out, he shut it.

"Good girl," he said approvingly. "Forward!" Buddy led him across the porch and stopped for the steps. As soon as these were negotiated, Mr. Frank said again, "Good girl! Right. Forward." We all followed along the concrete path which led to the kennels.

This sidewalk is laid out as a sort of training ground. There are posts to avoid, a turnstile to walk through, a great many steps. Buddy was a trifle bored at being made to stop very definitely for each of these obstacles, for she realized that Mr. Frank knew the route perfectly well and that they could

make it in half the time, but she was agreeable. And every single time they started up again after a pause, Mr. Frank said "Good girl!" before giving her the next command. Love, trust, and praise are the dog's reward for her invaluable services. She is never punished except—well, we'll come to that a bit later.

"You notice," Mr. Frank told us, "that she understands the commands 'right,' 'left,' and 'forward.' A blind person knows his city as well as a seeing person does. He knows, for instance, that if he goes out of his own house and turns left and walks two blocks, turns right and walks four blocks, turns left and walks one block, he will arrive at the home of his best girl. He gives the dog the proper commands, counting the blocks as he walks them, and arrives at the proper place. When he's in a strange city, he asks directions just as any seeing person does. It is the dog's job to obey unless she sees danger ahead. If she sees danger, she intelligently disobeys."

**W**E arrived at the kennels and walked in. Immediately the dogs in their roomy stalls, three dogs to each stall, set up a clamor of welcome. These were comparatively new dogs—from 14 to 24 months old—who were just beginning their training. Buddy looked at them tolerantly and turned her head the other way. There wasn't a peep out of her.

"Doesn't your dog ever speak?" asked one of the women with us.

"No. After all, she goes with me on trains, into hotel dining-rooms, all sorts of places. She can't trot around 'speaking' or people would complain."

"Are these dogs pedigreed? Do you raise them?" asked someone else.

"No," replied Mr. Frank again. "We don't care about the dogs' pedigrees. After all, we're training the dog, not her grandfather. So far, we aren't equipped to raise dogs ourselves, but an experienced instructor can usually tell whether a dog is going to be successful the first time he sees her, so the men go around when they have time buying up candidates. You see, the dog must be intelligent and she must have a sense of responsibility. We have never had a dog who couldn't learn her duties, but on occasion we have had one who was frivolous and had to be sold to some seeing person as a pet."

"What breed of dogs do you use mostly?" I asked.

"Mostly dogs of the shepherd type," replied Mr. Frank. "We have trained a few other types, though. One was a Labrador retriever."

"Where do most of the people live who use your dogs?"

"Many in the West, many in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Very few in New York City," he said. "There have

been 5,000 dogs leading blind people in Germany during the last 16 years and there are now more than 125 in the United States. No dog has ever been known to allow a fatal accident to happen to her master."

**A**LL of a sudden one of the women who had been petting a dog let out a little yelp.

"There's a cat!" she cried. "What's doing here?"

"Catching mice," said Mr. Frank dryly. "Also getting the dogs used to cats, so there will be no chases. Once in a while somebody upbraids us for being cruel to dogs by making them work, but as a matter of fact, dogs like to work, furthermore, they don't work all the time—only when their charges want to go somewhere. There are people who are really cruel. They put dogs and cats out to starve. This cat was thrown over our wall by a passing motorist, and we would be surprised at the number of animals donated to us in the same way."

We admired the dogs a little longer and then left. As we emerged from the kennel, Buddy made a mistake. She thought we were continuing down the path and turned some more kennels farther back. Instead, she turned left.

"Phooey!" said Mr. Frank sharply. "Forward." With a shrug of the shoulders which seemed to say "Oh-oh, error," Buddy swerved and started for the house. "Good girl!" said Mr. Frank.

"Phooey!" said in a displeased tone of voice is the only punishment See-Eye dogs ever receive. Perhaps the word strikes you as being a bit—well, uncouth. It did me at the time. But try it over and see if you can find any other so simple which so completely registers disapproval. And if it is said disapprovingly enough, it can cause the dog to curl up in a corner and mope for hours until forgiven. But Mr. Frank's "Phooey" was a mild one.

When we regained the steps of the house, Mr. Frank said good-bye to the other guests and he and my friend went back into the house. One of the women pressed his hand as she was saying, "God bless you and keep you for the wonderful work you are doing."

He thanked her. But when we got to the house he said wistfully, "She didn't leave a contribution around anywhere, did she? It was nice of her to wish us well, but we do need money!"

"Why didn't you take up a collection after the movie?" we wanted to know.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," he said. "But just the same—"

"You see, in the beginning we trained the dog, all taught, and then the dog and the month of training it took a man to learn how to use his dog for \$300. That didn't represent the actual cost, but Mrs. Eustis made



the deficit. Well, we found out that few kind people could afford to pay even that modest sum. We're out to help people, not to make money, and we reduced the cost to \$150. Nobody, rich or poor, can pay more than \$150. If you're poor but honest, as the saying goes, you can have three years to pay off your debt. If you're rich, you can become a patron for \$500 or more extra.

"By now our undertaking has become so big that no one person can hope to take all the responsibility, as Mrs. Eustis did in the beginning, so we're asking seeing people to become associate members for sums from \$1 up, active members for from \$10 to \$24, and so on." He brought out a leather-bound note-book. "Read some of these letters," he said. "Is there enough light for you? You'll excuse me a minute, won't you? I was listening to the Yale-Harvard game, and I want to find out what happened."

The loose-leaf note-book was filled with letters from people who had Seen Eye dogs. "Sister and I are getting long fine," one said. "Nancy already knows the town like a book..." "Jetta saved my life the other day..." "Suzette is the belle of the campus, and she loves it. She takes me to classes at the University every day, and not once has she let me sit in the wrong seat..." "I am a new man, and I owe it all to Trixie. I am back at my old job as an insurance man and doing as well as the fellows who can see." As I thumbed through these pages, my friend looked out of the window.

"See there," she said suddenly. "There's one of the pupils." I followed her glance, and, sure enough, there on the driveway was a tall young man with a dog showing off his new accomplishments to his family who had apparently driven over to visit him. He marched confidently around the obstructions and up and down the steps and then topped with the proudest smile you ever saw. His family stared at him as if they'd never seen him before. Then the mother of the boy fell on her knees beside the brave, handsome animal. And as she put her face against its fine head, there were tears in her eyes—happy tears.

This scene described, more graphically than a thousand adjectives, the job which is being done for humanity out on this little New Jersey farm.

EDITOR'S NOTE: If Harriet's article affects you as it did me, you may want to do something about it. Alexander Woolcott raised more than \$6,000 for The Seeing Eye by his radio solicitations. We never suggest contributions of any kind except in very special cases. This, we believe, is one of them. So if you care to make a donation to The Seeing Eye, no matter how small, mail it to us and we will consider it a privilege to turn it over to Mr. Frank. Or you may mail your offering direct.

## MRS. ALLEN'S JANUARY MENUS

### Luncheon or Supper

SUN.

Tomato juice; broiled sausages on apple rings; thin corn bread; baked caramel custards; tea (adults), milk (children)

MON.

French onion soup with grated cheese and toast; deep-dish apple pie with hard sauce; tea (adults), milk (children)

TUES.

Baked potatoes with creamy scrambled eggs; rolls; cole slaw; rolled jelly pancakes; tea (adults), milk (children)

WED.

Broiled sliced lamb with creamed noodles; melba toast; baked winter pears; tea (adults), milk (children)

THUR.

Winter vegetable soup; cheese toast; fried bananas with lemon dressing; tea (adults), milk (children)

FRI.

Creamed salmon with peas, served on and with toast; mixed fruit cup; gingersnaps; tea (adults), milk (children)

SAT.

Corn chowder; rolls; mince pie; cheese; tea (adults), milk (children)

### Dinner

Pot-roasted chicken; browned sweet potato halves; buttered onions; bread; shredded lettuce with orange dressing; steamed French bread pudding with lemon sauce; coffee (adults), milk (children)

Thick cream of chicken soup with rice; broiled sliced liver; mashed potato; baked pumpkin; French bread; jellied orange sections; coffee (adults), milk (children)

Casseroled breast of lamb with potatoes and green peppers; carrots; little biscuits; celery curls; rice and raisin pudding with light cream; coffee (adults), milk (children)

Home-made soup (from stock pot); beef loaf with gravy; Franconia potatoes; stewed tomatoes; bread; New England squash pie; coffee (adults), milk (children)

Pea soup with saltines; beef and rice croquettes with Spanish sauce; browned parsnips; lettuce salad; cranberry dumplings with hard sauce; coffee (adults), milk (children)

Bean soup; crackers; fillets of cod with browned crumb dressing; mashed potato; Hollywood beets; entire wheat bread; lemon puffs; coffee (adults), milk (children)

Hot tomato juice with crackers; Boston baked beans and brown bread; sausage meat cakes; apple and nut salad; doughnuts; coffee (adults), milk (children)



WHENEVER I am lucky enough to snatch a few days away from my office, testing kitchen, and the microphone, I go out of New York to make some personal appearances—to meet my readers face to face. And after the "show," while everyone is enjoying refreshments, I am glad to answer questions from the floor.

These questions are always most interesting. I never know what tack they are going to take. For instance, in

Cleveland, Ohio, an interested reader of THE FAMILY CIRCLE asked if there was any way to use pumpkin except in pies. Within a few minutes many of the women present began to offer ideas. The gathering turned into a pumpkin symposium.

"Cream of pumpkin soup," said one. "Boiled, mashed, and sautéed with a little onion, Italian style," said another.

(Please turn to page 22)



# BIFF AND BINGO

## SQUAWKIE STARTS SOME TROUBLE

By GAIL and ERIC WARNICK

### PART 21

"CALLING Biff and Bingo!  
Calling Biff and Bingo!"

The voice issuing from the loud-speakers grew fainter and fainter as Biff and Bingo, spurring on their broncos, Rein and Shine, galloped through the city streets back to the zoo. Hours earlier they'd parked their animals there with the keeper for the night, while they—Biff and Bingo—celebrated the coming in of the New Year. Now, in response to a radio summons, they were hurrying back to the zoo to find out what the trouble was.

It was pitch-dark and dead-of-night quiet in the deserted streets, but as their ponies clattered up to the entrance gates Biff and Bingo saw that every light in the zoo was burning. Even at a distance they sensed the confusion and excitement which seemed to pervade the entire grounds.

"I'll bet Squawkie's been up to some mischief," panted Biff, leant-

top of the fence and landed them both safely on the hard turf on the other side.

### ON THE SPOT

"This way!" shouted Bingo over his shoulder, galloping ahead.

"Coming!" answered Biff, so glad to feel her pony's hoofs striking solid ground once more that she would have followed Bingo anywhere.

Neck and neck they galloped across the grounds to the great fenced-in enclosures where the polar bears and the seals had their quarters. Great arc-lamps made the place as light as day, and Biff and Bingo could see the guards running to and fro and hear their shouts mingled with the grunts and growls of the animals.

"What's wrong?" shouted Bingo, as he and Biff drew rein and swung themselves out of the saddles beside the darkly gleam-



Biff's pony gathered his legs under him for a mighty spring

ing over Rein's neck, urging him to greater speed.

"Wouldn't be surprised," answered Bingo shortly. "Come on, Biff, we'll have to jump this fence; we haven't time to wait till they open the gates for us."

### TAKING THE HURDLES

Suiting the action to the word, Bingo wheeled Shine about and headed him straight for the fence which enclosed the grounds of the zoo.

"Oh, but Bingo, I can't!" wailed Biff, almost falling out of the saddle in fright. "I've never jumped! I don't know how."

But Bingo and Shine had already disappeared over the barrier, and before she knew what was happening, Biff's pony had followed suit, gathering his legs under him for a mighty spring which carried him clear of the

ing waters of the pool where the seals disported themselves.

"Are you Biff and Bingo?" demanded a guard, running up to them. "About time you got here. It's that parrot of yours—"

But he got no further. Just then Biff and Bingo heard a familiar squawking and screaming. There was the sound of wings beating the air. And Squawkie the parrot came flapping and flouncing out of the darkness beyond the pool, alighting with shrieks of wicked laughter on the top of the iron fence surrounding the water.

### SQUAWKIE STARTS SOMETHING

"There he is—get him!" yelled the guards in unison, making toward Squawkie with every kind of weapon from a butterfly net to an elephant hook.

"Sit down, sit down, you're rocking the boat! Ha-ha-ha-ha!" screamed the parrot, hopping up and down in glee on his high perch.

"Come down, Squawkie!" commanded Bingo sternly.

"Oh, Squawkie, come down!" begged Biff.

Squawkie, at the sound of their familiar voices, cocked his red head knowingly.

"Aye, aye, mates!" he croaked gleefully, waving one green wing in a kind of crazy salute.

"He's been carrying on like that for an hour or more," explained one of the guards. "He was with your polar bear over in that cage there, and everything was quiet enough till something must have waked him up."

"Your monkey over in the monkey house heard his carryings on and got the whole tribe in there awake and chattering their heads off. The elephants next door got worked up and started to stam pede. That Bumblefoot of yours trumpeted so that he started the lions roaring and lashing around fit to splinter their cages."

### ALL ABOARD!

"We sent for you thinking maybe you could catch the plagued bird, but—"

Just then Squawkie, toppled from his perch by an elephant hook, suddenly lost his balance. Screaming with anger and fright, he flapped down onto the mass of rocks which jutted out of the center of the pool. An instant later Squawkie and a supposed "rock" were moving majestically through the water.

"Stand by! Stand by!" croaked the terrified parrot.

"He's landed on one of the seals and the seal's going to dive!" shouted a keeper.

"Help! Help!" shrieked Squawkie, as his "ship" began to do a submarine act.

And then, just as the dark waters of the pool seemed about to reach up and swallow him, Bingo leaned far out from the bank and, with a wild clutch, drew him to safety by the tip of one bedraggled wing.

Was that the end of the excitement at the zoo? You'll find out when you read more of the adventures of Biff and Bingo next week.



The ostrich is an odd-looking bird. His plumage is very beautiful quite useless for flying; thanks his strong feet and powerful legs however, he can run as swiftly as a horse. Though his ancestors probably had five toes, the present-day ostrich has only two. One is small and has no nail; it acts as a support and a sort of balance-wheel while he walks or stands. The ostrich's running toe is strong and heavily padded. It is armed with such a powerful claw that a single forward kick with it may be enough to

A		E
P		T
I		P
T		P
E		C
T		P

Fill the empty squares, top to bottom, with the name of a vegetable and complete six three-letter words.



Fold a square of paper in the place indicated by the dotted line in Fig. 1; again as in Fig. 2; and again as in Fig. 3. Make cuttings as in Fig. 4, and you will get the design shown. Then try making your own designs.



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T

c.1

Thorndyke, Harriet  
A new pair of eyes.

Date Due			





